New-York, March 13, 1835.

My dear Wife—

Half past 8 o'clock—just arrived in Babylon the great. Our passage was as tranquil as it was rapid. Brother Thompson and myself had all the conversation to ourselves, for nobody seemed disposed to have any thing to say to us—company rather small. Did not sleep remarkably well—had a variety of dreams—thought you and I had been to ride in a carry-all, with two horses—'twas late at night—after letting you get out, away went the horses with me at full speed, and forty times at least I came within a hair's-breadth of losing my life. What was the final result, I do not remember—but how could one sleep comfortably under such circumstances?

This afternoon, the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society will hold a special meeting, at which Mr. Thompson and your husband will be present. This will probably determine how long I shall remain here. Think of going on to Philadelphia with Mr. T. on Monday, where we shall be received, I am sure, most enthusiastically.

I am extremely happy in anticipating the happiness you will experience in visiting your warm-hearted, —shall I not say, our warm-hearted friends? — at Pleasant Valley — in the city of P. — and at Brooklyn. You are a prudent wife, else I would caution you to be careful of your health, as you will be somewhat more exposed than usual, in making your affectionate, not fashionable, calls.

Henry is as fresh and rosy as usual, but does not like New-York. I like him all the better for that. How, when, and where he is to travel, I do not know.

Remember me, as sincerely and kindly as possible, to all the friends.

Thompson says he will return with me to Brooklyn — but I think it is somewhat doubtful. They are calling for him every where.

Be assured that I am far happier with you than with all others — and therefore I shall hasten back without delay. I would enclose a thousand kisses, if I could put them into a tangible shape, and in so small a compass. Still, I am

Your faithful and loving husband,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P.S. Ask brother George to see if there be a letter for me at the Post Office. Perhaps Mr. K. wrote to me there. If so, let it be sent to this city.

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

care of Mr. Geo. W. Benson,

Providence,

R. I.